

THE OCTOCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS NUMBER
OF
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S
HOSPITAL JOURNAL.



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The Octocentenary Celebrations Number of St. Bartholomew's Hospital



"Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem."

—Horace, Book ii, Ode iii.

JOURNAL.

VOL. XXX.—No. 10.]

JULY 1ST, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

EDITORIAL.

THE Octocentenary Celebrations worthily represented the history of the Hospital. Than this no higher praise can be given. From start to finish the events proceeded according to the scheme planned and arranged for more than a year with consummate skill and care. On every hand distinguished men and women in the Hospital and outside gave of their best to our Foundation. Time and material and money, brilliant organising ability, literary, artistic and dramatic work—all were put with whole-hearted generosity at our disposal. To return adequate thanks, to praise individuals where all gave so freely of their best is impossible. Every servant and friend of the Hospital helped according to his talent, and upon the broadest shoulders fell the greatest burdens. It is the privilege and duty of all Bart.'s men to do their utmost for their *Alma Mater*, but it is a cause of great pride and thankfulness to realize how firmly established is St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the heart and affection of the citizens of London.

We should like especially to congratulate the students on the excellence of their part. There was throughout the week not one discordant note. The Fair was in no way easy to organise. It was a brilliant success: it might easily have been a calamitous failure. There was imparted to it, and, indeed, to the whole Celebrations, a dignity and high *moral* very pleasant to those who hold the Hospital dear. Good humour and hilarious fun was always and in every place apparent; there was never a trace of rowdiness. Our men well maintained the highest traditions of the past.

The Celebrations are over, the booths are cleared from Smithfield, the academic robes and the doublet and hose have returned whence they came, and tired enough, we are back again at work. We have been celebrating not only *Rahere*, but good work consistently done for eight hundred years. It remains for us to determine that each in his own way will continue to give his best to the Hospital—this place which, as Sir Archibald Garrod said, might almost be compared to the University of Salerno, whose only faculty was medicine. If this be done the future is with us; new records in academic and athletic achievements will be made; new work and good will be done in medicine, and best of all, a succession of men who do their daily work as well as they know how will continue to pass out from our walls. Faithfully and very humbly the present generation must attempt to excel the past.

As we go to press we learn with deep sorrow of the death of Lady D'Arcy Power. The Hospital will greatly sympathise with Sir D'Arcy in his bereavement.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. F. Wood-Jones has been elected to the Professorship of Anatomy in the Medical College. We wish him pleasure and success in his work amongst us.

The Memorial Fund is not receiving the attention it deserves. Mr. W. Girling Ball has sent out over 3000 invitations asking all Bart.'s men to subscribe to the fund. Less than four hundred have responded. We earnestly request that attention which the fund merits.

We wish to congratulate the Athletic Club on its great achievement. At the recent Athletic Sports it won the Inter-Hospital Athletic Shield and no less than seven cups.

Extra copies of this issue of the JOURNAL may be obtained for one shilling. We should like to thank very sincerely all those who have helped in its preparation.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

His Royal Highness
The Prince of Wales,
President,
St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

In thanking you for the Gold Medal and the History of St. Bartholomew's Hospital which you, as President, have sent to me, I take this occasion of offering you my heartfelt congratulations on the eight-hundredth anniversary of the Hospital's foundation.

I always look back with the greatest pleasure to the interesting years of my own Presidency, and I trust that the praiseworthy efforts to maintain undiminished the record and traditions of this famous Hospital will be crowned with success.

George R. I.

9th. June, 1923.

JUNE 5th, 1923.

THE SERVICE IN THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

T was a wise and happy thought to begin the Celebrations by a service of thanksgiving in St. Bartholomew the Great, the Priory Church of Rahere's foundation. By so doing great dignity and beauty became from the very commencement dominant notes of the week. From early morning anxious eyes had been cast upwards toward the overcast and threatening sky, but by 10.30, the time of the commencement of the service, there had been no rain, and afterwards the weather remained fine.

Inside the wonderful old Norman church, usually so still and quiet, there began to be movement and colour. The brilliant scarlet of the doctors' gowns, the mauve and white and yellow of other academic robes, the softer colours of ladies' dresses, contrasted vividly with the austerity and sombre colouring of the ancient church. Soon the procession of delegates, headed by the Treasurer of the Hospital, took up its position in the nave, the clergy and the red-cassocked choir-boys entered, and the congregation sang in reverent and thankful spirit the Processional hymn—

*"Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices."*

Those sitting between the Nursing Staff, placed together in the Lady Chapel, and the Choir, heard the two volumes of soprano voices—differing slightly in tone—mingling wonderfully with the deeper voices from the body of the church. There followed Psalm 134 and the Lesson, Ecclesiasticus xlv, 1-15, clearly read by the Rector amidst the perfect stillness of the congregation, "*Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.*" The eyes of all must have been turned to the quiet tomb of Rahere as the reading of this great piece of English literature ended—

*"Their bodies were buried in peace,
And their name liveth to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation telleth out their praise."*

By this time the reverence and artistry of the service had made a deep impression, an impression increased by the most wonderful of all Christian hymns, "Te Deum Laudamus," ascribed by tradition to St. Augustine, one of whose followers was Rahere. Again the priest is speaking: "*Let us praise God for all who have sought to bless men by their sacrifice and service, especially for Rahere, Founder of this Church and Hospital.*" The people answer, "*We praise thee, O God.*" Again, "*For all thy servants, known or unknown, remembered or forgotten, who have worshipped here and ministered to their fellow men.*" Again, "*We praise thee, O God.*" "*For all members of the Hospital who have been true and brave in all times and places, and in the world's common ways have lived upright and helpful lives.*" And again the people respond to this most beautiful and worthy prayer, for the piety of Rahere might well have been unavailing had it not been for the great army of simple men and women who through the years have served the Hospital in their several ways. Doctors and nurses, statesmen and administrators, porters and cooks and charwomen, all have had their share in the work begun by the Augustinian monk, and with him are worthy to be remembered and honoured.

The Collect was an English adaptation of the Latin prayer well known to members of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Winchester, by reason of its use on Foundation Day.

Then followed the sermon by Dr. Paget, Bishop of Chester, son of one of St. Bartholomew's most famous sons, from the text, "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee." The full text of the address will be found in another column. The Bishop held his congregation as he spoke with filial affection of his father and his father's Hospital. With rare imagination he showed the difficulty of spanning in thought eight hundred years. When Rahere was laying the foundations Thomas à Becket was a boy of five, and the loss of the White Ship was fresh in men's minds. How different from the rivalries and competition of industrial life was the life of a hospital where all men worked together for the common good!

The address was followed by the anonymous hymn, "Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him." The Bishop gave the blessing, the choir sang as a recessional "Nunc Dimittis," and the Treasurer, Governors and Delegates, followed by the congregation, left the church. Again quietness descended upon the place where Rahere sleeps so peacefully and so long.



By kind permission of A. Rou, Esq.

PROCESSION TO THE PRIORY CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

THE SOLEMNITY.

RELEASED from the tension of the service thoughts became more mundane. From inside the church it seemed certain it must be raining. Ladies looked apprehensively at their dresses and wished they had brought their cloaks. But all was well. A few drops suggesting what might have been was all the rain that fell that day. Visitors grouped themselves around the Square, the wisest or best informed taking up a position near the Main Archway. Again the brilliance of the gowns and hoods was noticed flecking the grey Square with coloured splashes—scarlet, crimson, mauve, yellow, blue and white. Many bishops were there in person or by proxy. Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, representing the Bishop of Salisbury, was a notable figure. Oxford University was represented by Sir Archibald Garrod, lately the Director of our Medical Professorial Unit, Cambridge by Sir Clifford Allbutt, and London by its Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Waring. On the south side of the Square could be seen the Nursing Staff in their dignified and graceful uniforms. Every window seemed to be occupied by expectant onlookers. The Solemnity was announced to begin at noon, and to the minute a great fanfare of trumpets rang out from above the Main Archway—Coldstream Guards standing on the roof by the clock were giving a call specially composed by Lieut.-Col. J. Mackenzie Rogan.

For a moment everything was still, then in the distance was heard very different music—the solemn chanting of men's voices in a Latin hymn in honour of St. Augustine. At the south-west corner of the Square appeared a slowly moving, sonorously chanting procession of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. These were men of the same Order as Rahere. Their hopes and ideals must be very similar to those of their elder brother, their lives not unlike his. Before them walked a thurifer, from whose slowly swinging censer came the heavy unaccustomed scent of burning frankincense, a cross-bearer, two bearers of lighted candles, and some singing men. The Canons walked two by two, clad in short surplices over their white habits and birettas on their heads. Two abbots with black caps and gold pectoral crosses ended the procession, which was picturesque with all the imagery the Catholic Church understands so well.

Slowly they wheeled into a position between the Fountain and the Archway, and there held a short service in Latin to the honour of St. Bartholomew. Then as slowly, as solemnly, chanting as sonorously as ever, the Canons Regular moved away. It was an extraordinarily impressive sight. Throughout the whole proceeding every head in the Square was uncovered. One wonders what must have passed through the minds of those men. Not for four hundred years had their brethren taken part in such a service; then their Church was dominant in the land. The great building around them was founded by one of their Order. Now they are a scattered remnant. In reminding us of the common duty of all Christians to help the suffering the Augustinians again made us their debtors.

Silence and quietness for a moment, then another mighty fanfare. From the Archway advanced into the Square before the Fountain four Yeomen of the Guard in their splendid Tudor costumes. Between them were two figures. In front walked Murray bearing the Staff. Behind him walked a tall gowned figure of the Middle Ages, carrying a rolled and sealed document. Reaching the centre of the Square the procession faced about. The Herald took a deep breath and read his proclamation: "To all whom it may concern, KNOW YE" Every word was distinct. The voice was wonderfully rich and deep. Far beyond the precincts of the Hospital every syllable must have been heard. We do not know who wrote the proclamation. It is but one of the small things of the Celebrations most excellently and carefully done. Whoever wrote it should be praised, for it contained in it the sense of pageant and "many goodly words." We believe that the Herald, Mr. Wilfred Walter, enjoyed delivering the rich sentences and periods. This is the proclamation:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN know ye that this Hospital, founded by Rahere of blessed memory and refounded by the most dread and puissant Monarch Henry the Eighth by the Grace of God King of England, France, Ireland, Defender of the Faith, is now about to celebrate the 800th Anniversary of its Foundation.

During eight centuries this famous Hospital has been a refuge for the suffering, affording "ayde and comforte to the poore sykke blynd aged and impotent persones beyng not hable to helpe theymselfs nor havyng any place certeyn wheryn they may be lodged cheryished and refreshed tyll they be cured and holpen of theyre dyseases and syknesse." It has seemed good to the President, His Royal Highness Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Prince and Great Steward of Scotland, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; the Right Honourable Edward Cecil Moore, the Lord Mayor of the City of London, with his Brethren the Aldermen; the Right Honourable George Arthur Maurice, Baron Stanmore, the Treasurer of the said Hospital, and the other Governors thereof, to mark so unique and auspicious an occasion by especial Celebrations. I, therefore, at their Command, do declare that the Celebrations shall now begin.

IN WITNESS whereof the Common Seal of the said Hospital has hereunto been affixed this 5th day of June, in the year of Our Lord 1923 and in the 14th year of the reign of his Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fifth. GOD SAVE THE KING.



"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: KNOW YE."

By kind permission of Central News.



By kind permission of The Press Photographic Agency.

RAHERE DRAWS HIS PLANS UPON THE GROUND.

The Yeomen stepped aside to the shelters; the Herald disappeared. Again the Square was for the moment empty. Then from the south-east and south-west corners came a piteous procession of the lame and sick and needy clad in the costumes of the time of Henry I. They asked help from two haughty nobles striding by and were disdainfully repulsed. Then in the distance was seen a lonely and austere figure. It was Rahere clad in his simple habit, walking back after his pilgrimage to Rome. The poor and sick flocked to him from all sides; they clustered round him and he did not turn them away, but, looking down upon them, with outstretched hands he blessed them. Another group approaches from the distance. Leading it is a rich and noble figure—Richard, Bishop of London. Rahere walks to him, kneels before him, and with upstretched fingers the Prelate greets him. The Augustinian monk talks with him, tells him of his order to build a priory on the Smooth-field outside the city walls, asks his blessing and aid. Rahere kneels, and with a lump of chalk draws on the ground the plans with which he has been charged.

From beginning to end the Celebrations were brilliantly successful. Much happened that was memorable, but to the writer no moment was so dramatic or poignant in its appeal as when the simple lonely monk is seen to kneel, and with eager, almost passionate movements draw upon the ground the plans of his Priory and Hospital. So almost on this very spot, eight hundred years ago, Rahere must have built and planned and built, little reckoning the end of what he wrought. "Direct, build, and end this work. And therefore of the work know me the master and thyself only the minister."

Another moment of silence during which four centuries slipped by, and in the distance was seen the portly figure of that most dread and puissant monarch Henry VIII, approaching with a crowd of nobles, courtiers, and boatmen, and preceded by a motley, jumping jester. Henry VIII was with us indeed—and it was the gross ruler of the later period. Not here the boy, "the beauty of whose person, his vigour and skill in arms, seemed matched by a frank and generous temper and a nobleness of political aims." Here was seen the coarsened, arrogant face, the heavy jowl, the beard, doublet and hose made accustomed to us by Holbein's picture.

The Monarch took up the position previously occupied by Rahere, who stood meanwhile silent by the Fountain. Approached the King the Lord Mayor of London, and on bended knees received from him the deed giving the Hospital to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of the City. The attitude of the King was neither generous nor kindly. It showed the temper of a man forced to action against his will, which was doubtless true enough. Then Henry VIII turned, and realising that not he but the lonely monk standing silent by the

Fountain was the true founder of the Hospital, bowed to him and received from him his blessing; and Rahere, with upstretched arm, indicated that he, too, was but the servant, and Another, Master. This, at any rate, is the writer's interpretation of a movement difficult to decipher and variously interpreted in the press.

A moment's pause and the band of the Welsh Guards played one verse of "O God, our help in ages past"—perhaps in gratitude that the citizens of London had received anything which the mighty and puissant monarch had once laid hands upon. There followed another and longer pause. A fleeting glimpse is seen of a group of hospital nurses and of the familiar blue of the wounded Tommy. Henry VIII breaks away from the group round the Fountain and walks, smiling, towards the School Buildings. The Solemnity is over.

It is difficult in writing an impression of the Solemnity to give any true idea of the extraordinary dignity of the proceedings. As the Service in St. Bartholomew's the Great set a tone for the whole Celebrations, so the Augustinian Canons marked a high level beneath which the episodes never fell. One newspaper suggested that the Hospital did not do itself justice in the final episode of war work. For our part we are very glad that only a suggestion was permitted. The war is too recent, the service of men still working at the Hospital too well known for us decently to commemorate it.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier is to be thanked for acting Henry VIII. Mr. Rupert Harvey seized the very spirit of Rahere. To many the remembrance of that gentle figure with the "poore sykke blynd aged and impotent persones" clustering around him, the heavy passionate strokes of his chalk upon the ground, will live as well remembered things through life. Mr. Robert Atkins brought great imagination to the arrangement of the episodes, and Mr. Wilfred Walter as Herald was magnificent.

Soon the bright Square became less crowded. Here and there numerous little luncheon parties were arranged. In many of the wards the Sisters, according to their gracious custom, received past and present friends. The first stage of the Celebrations had been a magnificent success.



RICHARD, BISHOP OF LONDON, BLESSES THE PLANS.

By kind permission of the Central News.

LORD MAYOR'S LUNCHEON.

THE LORD MAYOR gave a luncheon at the Mansion House to meet the Prince of Wales, the President of the Hospital. Among the guests, 250 in number, were: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Chester, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, Lord Stanmore (Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital), Lord Southwark, Lord Somerleyton, Lord Marshall, Lord Dawson, Lord Bearsted, Sir Clifford Allbutt, the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Sir Archibald Garrod, the Chairman of the London County Council (Mr. H. C. Gooch), the Dean of St. Paul's, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh (Sir David Wallace), the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland (Sir de Courcy Wheeler), the representatives of English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Dominions, Indian, and American Universities, Sir Aston Webb (President of the Royal Academy), Sir W. G. Thompson (Vice-President, Royal College of Physicians, Ireland), the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, the Chairman of Lloyd's, the Masters of various City Companies, and the Medical and Surgical Staff of the Hospital, with a delegation of students.

There were no speeches. The Lord Mayor had sufficiently recovered from his accident to enable him to attend, though he had to sit the whole time.

THE CEREMONY AT THE GUILDHALL.

THE presentation of addresses by the Delegates was really the central feature of the Celebrations. All that went before was by way of preliminary, and all that came after was done in a more relaxed and joyous mood. No place could have been more fitting for the ceremony than the Guildhall; for the connection between the City of London and the only Hospital within her walls has always been of the closest. Staff, sisters, nurses, students and their friends and relations began to arrive by two, and in due course the Hall was full. Many were those who tried to creep in without a ticket. Numbers arrived with the glories of their robes concealed in a homely bag; others, more daring, braved the jeers of London's small boys and walked to the Guildhall in all their splendour.

Punctually at three the Prince of Wales arrived in his chocolate-coloured car—a sharp contrast with the gorgeous chariots of the City functionaries. Not so punctual were the Delegates. Fears were expressed that at the Mansion House they had lunched not wisely but too well. In due course, however, they arrived, not in chocolate-coloured cars nor in gilt coaches, but in serviceable chars-à-bancs.

And then the ceremony began. The Lord Mayor was still, as all were sorry to hear, disabled after his encounter with a motor-bus. Alderman Lord Bearsted in his place briefly welcomed the Prince of Wales. Lord Stanmore, on behalf of the Hospital, then presented His Royal Highness with the gold medal which had been struck to commemorate the Anniversary, according to a design by Mr. Charles L. Hartwill, A.R.A., and also with a copy of *The Short History of St. Bartholomew's Hospital* by Sir D'Arcy Power and Mr. Waring, specially bound by Mrs. Loosely, a daughter of Mr. Henry Power, the first Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Hospital. The Prince in his turn presented the Lord Mayor, Lord Stanmore and Alderman Sir John Baddeley with a similar medal. Then the Delegates came forward, and one by one handed their addresses to the Prince, who spoke a few words to each. Some of the addresses were large in size, others were small. It was an impressive occasion to see so many great men from all over the world offering their congratulations to the Mother of London Hospitals. Bart.'s men can be forgiven for breathing a sigh of thankfulness that they were not educated elsewhere.

There were over sixty Delegates: first came representatives of the Bishops of the Church of England, then those of the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Dominions and India, of the United States of America, and finally those of the Learned Societies of Great Britain and America. Each was announced, so that everyone might note the appearance of the great man—who was perhaps long known by name, but not by sight. Each was applauded. The applause was perhaps more proportional to the audience's personal love for and familiarity with the Delegate than to anything else. Thus, if there were any there

who were unfamiliar with the Bart.'s of recent years, they might wonder at the volume of applause accorded to a certain inspector of anatomy representing the Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

A few of the Delegates gave verbally their congratulations. Space forbids us to do more than mention these. They were the Right Rev. E. H. Pearce, the Bishop of Worcester, on behalf of the Church; Sir Archibald Garrod for the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland; Dr. A. Primrose for the Dominion Universities; Dr. William H. Welch for the United States Universities; and Sir Walter Fletcher for the Learned Societies. (A young lady murmured despairingly to us at this stage, "Are they *all* going to read their addresses?")

The Prince replied in a speech which all will remember, and which was spoken so clearly that all, back to the nurse; and students in the Gallery, could hear every word. He was incomparably the best heard of any on the platform. He said:

"It is a source of the deepest pride to me that the Celebrations of the Eight Hundredth Anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital should have coincided with my tenure of the office of President, and I am glad to welcome in the name of this ancient institution the many Delegates who have come from all parts of the Empire and from the United States, and to express to them my very sincere appreciation of the congratulations which the Hospital has received from the Church and the various distinguished and learned bodies they represent. I am grateful, too, to the Lord Mayor and the Court of Common Council, who have been good enough to allow this ceremony to be held in the Guildhall, and also to permit Bartholomew Fair to take place once again in Smithfield.

"It is strange to realise that the eight hundred years of the Hospital's existence cover practically the entire period of our English history, as known to the average man to-day. Perhaps it helps us to form a truer idea of the long years of St. Bartholomew's activities when we are reminded that William the Conqueror had been dead only thirty-six years when this Hospital was founded, and it is not impossible that a few aged men, troubled with old lance or arrow wounds from the battle of Hastings, came to pass their last days in this house of healing. When this institution was founded upon its present site London was surrounded by great walls, and the city gates were closed nightly. The long line of Lord Mayors of London had not yet been initiated. Magna Charta and our English Parliament were things of the future; the Wars of the Roses were far ahead, and more than five hundred years had yet to elapse before the Great Fire of London.

"Of St. Bartholomew's growth and progress during the long period under review it is not possible for me to speak, but from the early days to which I have just referred, up to the present time, when Englishmen who fought in the latest and greatest of our wars have benefited by the knowledge gained at the Hospital, we can point with justifiable pride to a list of distinguished men, such as William Harvey, Abernethy, Radcliffe, and Percival Pott, who have been members of the Staff, a record that is second to none, and a medical college now containing 780 students, and from which medical practitioners are to be found in all parts of the world. An average of 9000 patients pass through the wards each year, over 300,000 out-patients are annually attended to, and during the past year nearly 2500 cases of street accidents or illness were conveyed to the Hospital by the ambulances belonging to the Corporation of the City of London or the London County Council.

"St. Bartholomew's is keeping abreast of the times, and I am glad to learn that the first wing of the new Home for Nurses, the foundation stone of which was laid by her Majesty the Queen in February, 1921, is now practically completed, and that there is every probability that the erection of a further wing will be proceeded with forthwith.

"This is an historic week in the history of Rahere's ancient and pious foundation, and though I regret that I was unable to attend the service at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great and the Solemnity in Smithfield this morning, with which the Octocentenary Celebrations were inaugurated, it is a great pleasure to me to be in the Guildhall to meet the distinguished Delegates, and, as President, I thank them once again most sincerely in the name of all those connected with the Hospital for the congratulations they have offered us to-day."

In the evening the Vice-Chancellor of the University of London and Mrs. H. J. Waring held a reception at their house in Wimpole Street to Delegates and friends. A large company spent there a very pleasant evening.

JUNE 6th, 1923.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THE idea of reviving Bartholomew Fair was a brilliant one—we do not know who conceived it. But it was no light task to turn the idea into a concrete fact. No one can deny that the task was successfully accomplished. It might drizzle, it might rain, or it might be fine in a sulky kind of way, but the Fair went with a swing from start to finish. The earlier part of the celebrations was dramatic and impressive, but many will remember the Fair the longest of all. How can we describe it? *Recipe*: The Three Arts Ball, Burlington Arcade and Hampstead Heath on a Whit-Monday—*partes æquales*. *Misce*. *Sig.*: To be taken in front of the Smithfield Gate from 2 to 7 p.m. three days a week. But do not follow this prescription more than once in eight hundred years!

To begin with, the Lord Mayor proceeded through the streets of London in the traditional manner to open the Fair. Fortunately he was sufficiently recovered to be able to do so from a wheeled chair. The Fair was proclaimed in front of the Smithfield Gate. The clerk of the weather chose an inconvenient moment to let loose a sharp shower. When this was over the Proclamation was made. Those in the front rows of the dense throng could perhaps see everything and hear everything. We weren't and couldn't.

The Master of the Fair, Mr. W. Holdsworth, read the following address of welcome to the Lord Mayor:

MY LORD MAYOR,—We, the Students of the Medical College of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the City of London, desire to thank you most heartily in our own name and in that of the present assembly for your courtesy in coming amongst us to-day to open the mimic representation of that Fair which was held for so



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HENRY VIII PRESENTING THE DEED TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

many years in the immediate neighbourhood of the place where we now stand, a Fair of much value to us as Students because, under the eye of our Masters, we learnt to treat many injuries and divers wounds which we might otherwise never have had the opportunity of seeing. ¶ We feel, Sir, that your presence to-day is an additional proof of the interest which the Citizens of London have always shown in the welfare of their Hospital during the eight hundred years it has served them, an interest which has increased, were it possible, with the lapse of years. ¶ We remember with gratitude that when in the past the fortunes of the Hospital were at their lowest ebb, the Citizens of London interceded for this their Hospital, and did establish it on so firm a foundation that it has been enabled, in the fulness of time, to obtain a foremost position amongst the great charities, not only of this metropolis, but of the world itself.

SIR,—We are grateful to you, and we know that so long as we are true to the great traditions we have inherited from the long line of our illustrious predecessors, we shall merit your esteem and continued confidence.

The LORD MAYOR, in reply, said :

"I am very pleased to be here this afternoon, and to enjoy in person the kind welcome you have given me.

"As you will see, I have come to the Hospital in a character that you are all familiar with—the grateful patient just on the road to recovery who wants to give a practical mark of goodwill, and, even at some little pains and trouble, to testify an affection for the care shown in suffering. So I have listened with special interest to your Address, and I shall keep it as not the least interesting of those I have received during my Mayoralty.

"I think you have done well to emphasise the time-honoured connection between the Corporation and the Hospital. St. Bartholomew's Hospital is the glory of the City of London, and we will never part with it.

"Now, I am here to do the duty which for many years fell to my predecessors, and to declare Bartholomew Fair open once more. It has been a pleasure to the Corporation to lend you the ancient site of the Fair, and we know that in the hands of the Students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital the old splendour and gaiety will be fittingly revived.

"I wish you all good fortune in your efforts, and with a full heart I pray for the prosperity of this grand old Hospital.

"I declare the Fair open, and the Crier will now read the Proclamation."

Afterwards the Lord Mayor drank hippocras from a loving-cup amid general enthusiasm, and made a round of the Fair. Several malefactors were confined in the stocks, and these he graciously ordered to be released.

The various stalls appeared to be doing a fair trade, largely in articles which one would think no one could possibly want to buy. The contents of the stalls were necessarily painfully modern, but the salesmen acted in the spirit of the names inscribed above their stalls—names which required a little ingenuity to interpret. "Here is sold sac and petum of Virginia"—to say nothing of gold flake cigarettes. "Sir Ernest's own beaput and posy booth"—does a cabbage come under the heading of a beaput or a posy? Some of the labels explained themselves, such as "The Merchant Taylor," "Toys, Trinketts, Gimcrackes and Staconere." Others were frankly non-committal. "Chattels and Phantasies" might, and apparently did, include almost anything.

Some kept their money in their pockets and passed by the stalls, only to be entrapped by the lures of the coconut shy or hopes of catching a little fish out of a fish-pond. There was a wonderful game of chance, calculated to lure on only the countriest of country cousins. We, being young and foolish, put a sixpence on, urged by a dazzling hope of getting it back again (chances only 50 to 1 against). Or one could throw rings at all sorts of things, and perhaps win something one wasn't aiming at and didn't know what to do with. It needed judgment in the first place to select the least useless object to strive for. Perhaps most exciting of all was the game of catching in nets the little balls blown up out of a funnel—a very easy game to cheat at was this. All the nobility and gentry might be seen catching little balls as if their lives depended on it. We cannot describe everything—the Punch and Judy show, the boxing matches, or the Elizabethan newsboys who would give you the latest—highly Georgian—news of the Derby. There was a wonderful bridge, slung up overnight by the Engineers across the railway goods approach to the garden beyond. From here one got a splendid view of the whole Fair—quite a big enough proportion of Tudor costumes to make it all thoroughly convincing.

And what, we wonder, would Mr. Bernard Shaw have thought of us if he could have seen the apotheosis of the quack—two quacks, each quackier than the other? One of them, aided by his assistants, Gastrocnemius, Sartorius and so on, made magics of a kind hitherto unknown, save perhaps to Dr. Hurtley. He must be congratulated on his extensive repertoire of Elizabethan patter. And when his patter had run out he could easily disperse his audience



By kind permission of Graphic Photo Union.

"THE MIGHTY AND PUISSANT MONARCH."

And then there were the stocks. Every picture tells a story, and we should like to have a picture of every member of the Staff *in situ*. Until the Fair came to an end no one on the Staff could have felt that his life was very safe. People naturally felt that they did not often get such a chance to put their superiors in their proper place. Even the representatives of the law were not immune. Very different amounts were subscribed to bail the victims out. We now know a method of assessing everybody at their cash value.

Teas were provided in a tent just inside the Hospital. The wise came early. The less wise waited in a queue till the wise had had their fill. And the band, or rather Mynstrelles, played from 3 to 6.

And on the next day, Thursday, it was the same, and went with even more swing. And again on the Friday—only admission was two-and-sixpence instead of five shillings—the fun went on till the evening at 7 o'clock, at which time "it is His Lordship's pleasure that the Fair do finally end," a charming congratulatory speech was made by Sir Ernest Flower, the Master of the Fair was carried around shoulder high, and the National Anthem was finally sung. Then everyone realised with a horrid shock that it was 1923, and a prosaic world with its "daily round" was waiting round the corner.

The Fair was especially the Students' part in the Celebrations. It was in every way successful. Bartholomew's men are to be congratulated on the wit, good humour, and, withal, dignity with which they brought a difficult undertaking to a brilliantly successful conclusion.

with an appropriate stink until his breath came back again. He had most ferocious wrangles with his rival quack—an expert in corns and their cure. We should not like in these columns definitely to give judgment as to who really did cure Christopher Columbus (and his American accent), or who really stole whose secret prescription. The white magician next door was giving a really excellent display of conjuring, in which (presumably Elizabethan) billiard balls came and went and deceived the eye. We regret we did not have our fortunes told by the fortune-teller. We were put off by the size of the queue, so we passed on and labelled the queue as morbidly credulous, curious and neurotic. But you only had to look at the Astrologer to tell how efficient he was.

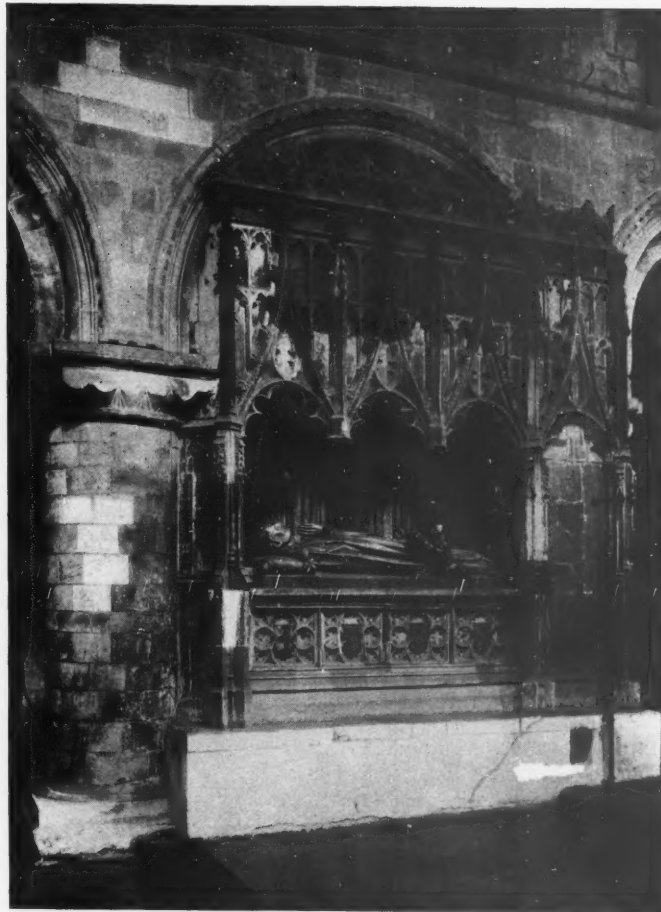
In a tent at the far end were Merry Revellers, and very heartily they revelled. A pianist off and a violinist on the stage assisted the singers. Many of their choruses we haven't yet got out of our heads. All were good, but we give the palm to "Gaffer Jarge." We are told he is to be seen about the Hospital, but we haven't met anyone in ordinary clothes who looks at all like that.

The Amateur Dramatic Club had been requested to perform an Elizabethan play. They were ready to do as requested, but the question arose, What Elizabethan play? For Elizabethan and Georgian wit are very different. Finally "The Four P" written by John Haywood in 1545 was chosen, and, carefully edited, was acted with the enthusiasm, skill and wit we have learnt to expect from this Club. The Palmer, Pardoner, Potycary and Pedlar showed us the Elizabethan stage at its best.

EXHIBITION IN THE MUSEUM.

DURING the Celebrations a most interesting collection of medical and surgical instruments belonging to former members of the Staff of the Hospital was on exhibition in the Museum. It had been carefully prepared and beautifully arranged and afforded much interest to a constant stream of visitors.

8



"RAHERE OF BLESSED MEMORY."

—Proclamation.

PRIEST : *For all who have sought to bless men by their sacrifice and service, especially for Rahere, Founder of this Church and Hospital,*

PEOPLE : *We praise Thee, O God.*

PRIEST : *For all Thy servants, known or unknown, remembered or forgotten, who have worshipped here and ministered to their fellow men,*

PEOPLE : *We praise Thee, O God.*

PRIEST : *For all members of this Hospital who have been true and brave in all times and places, and in the world's common ways have lived upright and helpful lives,*

PEOPLE : *We praise Thee, O God.*

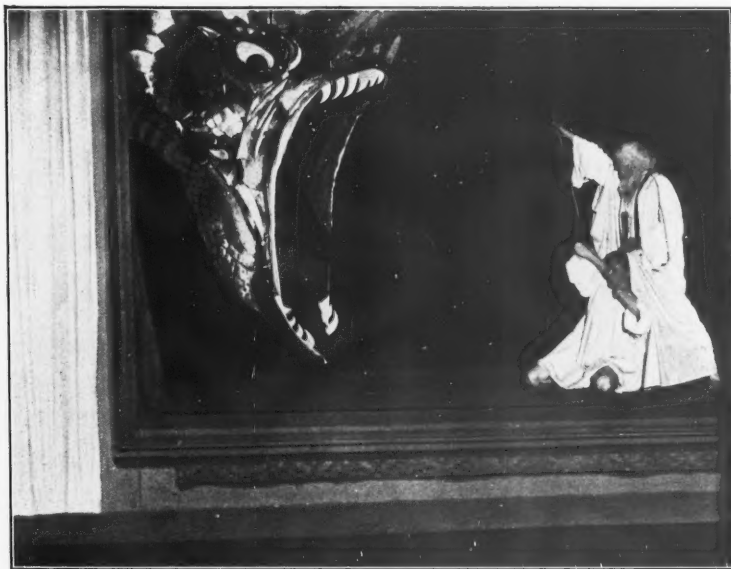
(From the Service in the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great).



RAHERE AND "THE POORE, SYKKE, BLYND, AGED AND IMPOTENT PERSONES" (*The Proclamation*).

(By kind permission of the Keystone View Co.)

TABLEAUX.



EPISODE 2.—RAHERE'S DREAM.
(By kind permission of the Cameragraph Co., Ltd.)



EPISODE 6.—HENRY VIII GIVES THE DEED OF COVENANT TO THE LORD MAYOR.
(By kind permission of the Cameragraph Co., Ltd.)

TABLEAU GRO



FAIR GROUP



(By kind permission of the Cameragrap

EAUX GROUP.



FAIR GROUP.



permission (Cameragraph Co., Ltd.)

TABLEAUX.

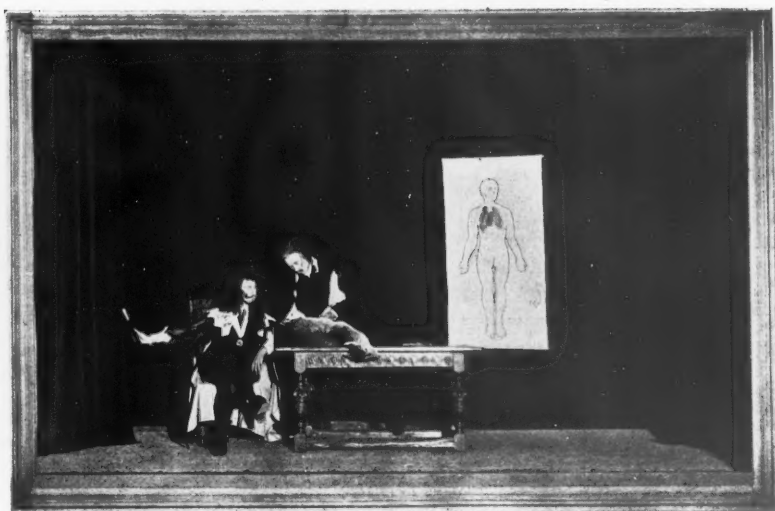


EPISODE 1.—RAHERE THE COURTIER.
(By kind permission of Photographia, Kingsway.)



EPISODE 5.—GIRL CURED AT THE TOMB OF RAHERE.
(By kind permission of Photographia, Kingsway.)

TABLEAUX.



EPISODE 7.—CHARLES I AND HARVEY.
(By kind permission of Photographia, Kingsway.)



EPISODE 8.—HOGARTH PAINTING THE POOL OF BETHESDA.
(By kind permission of Photographia, Kingsway.)



YE PROFESSOR OF CHIRURGERIE.

(By kind permission of the Press Photographic Agency.)



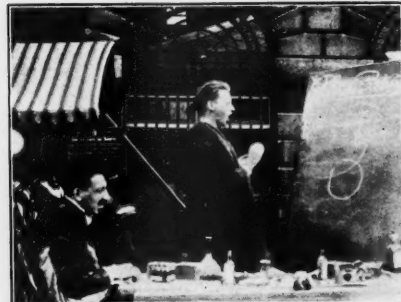
YE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

(By kind permission of the Press Photographic Agency.)



YE EMINENT CRIMINOLOGIST.

(By kind permission of 'The Times'.)



YE CORN-CURER.

(Photo. by kind permission of C. Lovatt Evans, Esq.)



YE ALCHEMIST.

(Photo. by kind permission of C. Lovatt Evans, Esq.)



YE ASTROLOGER.

(By kind permission of the Press Photographic Agency.)

THE FAIR.

BY A MERCHANT TAYLOR.



bumble-bee, asked to describe a beautiful garden in which it had spent a busy morning, replied, "Just a row of peonies two and a half miles long." Asked to describe the Fair one is tempted to say: "The sky was dark grey, dripping canvas; the ground was a muddle of cretonnes soaked in mud. Across a wilderness of bed-spreads, rugs, blankets and more bed-spreads poured weary visitors who felt they ought to buy, but really didn't want to. Behind, piles of cloth, reaching quite to heaven, dripping wet in places, and occasionally organising an avalanche into the dreary cavern of wet 'remnants' and disintegrating brown paper below."

Neither the spirit of that dripping Wednesday evening, nor the spirit that drove one exhausted Elizabethan to exclaim, "Thank God, I shall not be alive for the nine-hundredth," gives anything like a true picture of the Fair. It did not rain quite continuously. Some rolls of cloth actually got sold. There were other stalls besides ours—and other things besides stalls. There was a "buck-shee" Dinner on Thursday night; there was also a *Conversazione*.

We are not mathematicians. When the first brave lady bought two pillow-cases at 2s. 11d. each, how could we give her change for a pound note when our resources were £5 all in half-crowns and florins? And when a haughty dame wanted $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of dress material at 17s. 11d. per yard we collapsed in a tangled mass and contemplated sending an S.O.S. to the Catering Company Staff.

It is doubtful if any salesman in the Fair had much idea of the real market value of his ware—with the possible exception of the lucky fellows who sold tobacco. We had a roll of stuff labelled "Nainsook, 5s." We were so proud of knowing the name of something that we boomed it hard. "Now lady, lovely nainsook, 5s. a yard." We disliked the way the ladies turned up their noses. It was discovered later that the usual price is about 6d. a yard, and our article was supposed to sell at 5s. for the 12-yard piece. When this point was cleared up we soon lost our "nainsook."

One wretched beef-eater consulted with us as to the price to be asked for a 4-lb. basket of strawberries on his booth. Suggestions ranged from 2s. 6d. to two guineas.

Is old English gallantry a thing of the past? Listen. Enter an elderly gentleman, unattached, with monocle and scarf-pin. "Really I don't think there is anything on this stall I could buy." [A troubled, introspective pause.] "Who are those pretty girls in blue stripes,—nurses?" We assured him that they were. Elderly gentleman grasps his umbrella by the point, toddles off to a group of nurses, bangs one on the shoulder with the handle of his umbrella, and returns triumphant with a blushing blue-belt in tow. "Now my dear, is there anything you would like on this stall? What about a down quilt?" In a few moments the lady retired, her progression much impeded by a bulging lump of cider-down. The kind gentleman passed on to munch cheese tarts at the next stall.

This cheese-tart stall was a god-send to the men visitors. Here was something they could understand and appreciate. It was delightful to see very proper gentlemen wandering around unblushingly chewing an apple, a jam-tart, or even a sandwich. Perhaps the congestion in the tea-tent had something to do with their appetites. The queue of would-



By kind permission of *The Times*.
MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND FRIENDS.



By kind permission of Graphic Photo Union.

THE LORD MAYOR COMPLETE WITH LOVING-CUP. ALSO SOME WELL-KNOWN HOSPITAL FIGURES.

be tea drinkers formed itself into a huge, limp question mark which quite filled the space usually sacred to Harley Street motor cars.

From time to time "Jenkins" made his appearance, his side whiskers showing dangerous motility. His expression seemed to say, "Of course I can't stop you taking a cigarette from my box, but dashed if I'll give you any encouragement."

The energies of the gentleman who cleared the way for the Lord Mayor's tour were effective, if at times a little rough. We were delighted to see His Lordship, but that ladies should be pushed almost into the fish-pond that his route might be cleared seemed municipal loyalty almost to a fault.

The cries of the proprietor of "the only game in the Fair which requires no skill," or those of his equally noisy neighbour whose game was "a real test of skill and precision," made conversation with nervous clients quite impossible at times.

The efforts of the Dean to persuade the Director of the Surgical Unit to buy some suiting "because the blood-red stripe would be so appropriate" were entirely unsuccessful.

The shortness of paper and string was an ever-present trouble. After much difficulty Sir Bernard Spilsbury was eventually supplied with a piece of string with which to drag along his toy train, but the vision of a lady whose bulging parcel suddenly "up-chucked" a bunch of bananas, a bed-spread, a cream cheese and a gollywog is still a vivid memory.

What revelations the Fair afforded of the boot soles of the Senior Staff. The "in or out" board outside the Senior Staff common room can be dispensed with. We all know their footprints so well now. One malicious person was heard to remark, "I should have thought his practice was large enough to allow him to get his heels put straight," and exclusive photographic evidence of deficiency in that direction is available in at least one case.

The sporting gentleman who found himself £10 poorer when two Sisters were fixed in the stocks ought to have his name recorded on the walls of the Great Hall. The rash man! We know the Nursing Staff better.

The feminine method on such occasions as the Fair will ever remain a mystery. Some ladies arrived at the Merchant Taylors' booth and proceeded to imitate the manufacture of a Christmas pudding by stirring up all the carefully classified goods into one heaving mass—and then they passed on and bought a pencil at the next stall. Others pounced on some hideous material—yellow butterflies, 18 inches across, alternating

with mystic signs in smudgy browns on a blue-black ink background—said it would make lovely curtains and bought 6½ yards.

"Christmas comes but once a year

When it comes ———."

But we shall not be there next time.

R. B.

THE TABLEAUX.

TITTLE account of the Tableaux is possible. Those who saw them can never forget them; but no words can bring to the imagination of those absent the brilliant colour and perfect posing of these glimpses into the past. The Great Hall made a picturesque and appropriate venue for their display. Each had been arranged by a committee of distinguished artists under the Chairmanship of Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A. Mr. Richard Jack, R.A., acted as Honorary Secretary. Mr. Wilfred Walter, from the Old Vic, described the pictures in his own beautiful way, and between the displays Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted a band composed of students of the Royal College of Music. Under such skilled guidance the Tableaux could not but be superbly produced. During the Celebrations many gifts have been laid at the feet of Rahere, gifts of time and money, of material and consummate organisation. Here in the Tableaux was laid the gift of perfect art.

1. RAHERE THE COURTIER (*arranged by Mr. Charles Ricketts, R.A.*).—A scene of a gay court. In the centre sits Henry I in medieval splendour. Around him are a gay throng. At his feet sits Rahere the courtier, clad in light fine cloth and singing a song of wit and gallantry for the monarch's pleasure.

2. RAHERE IN A DREAM IS DELIVERED FROM A DRAGON BY ST. BARTHOLOMEW (*arranged by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.*).—From the brilliant colour and crowded stage of the first tableau we turn to this, vivid in its contrast. On the left, occupying the whole of one side of the stage, is the head of an enormous dragon, a dragon with huge open mouth, glistening eye, and spiked snout. To the right Rahere, clothed in white, is seen transfixed with fear. Behind him, supporting and helping him, is St. Bartholomew. Finely acted, this tableau was particularly successful. What fun it must have been to paint the dragon!

3. THE BUILDING OF THE HOSPITAL BY RAHERE (*arranged by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.*).—To the right is seen the Hospital gate. Framed in it is Rahere, now a monk. By his side is St. Bartholomew. Before the gate is a supplicating, pathetic group of the sick and helpless.

4. CROWNING OF THE VICTOR AT A TOURNAMENT IN SMITHFIELD IN 1422 (*arranged by Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A.*).—From suffering we turn again to gaiety and joy. In the centre of the stage is a charming lady—the Queen of the Tournament—clad in ermine, supported by her two maids. Before her, in coat of mail and on bended knee, is a knight on whose brow she places the victor's crown. At each side are men-at-arms with emblazoned shields and bannerets.

5. GIRL CURED AT THE TOMB OF RAHERE (*arranged by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.*).—One of the most beautiful of all. Behind is the tomb of Rahere. In the centre is a beautiful young girl, cured of her disease, her face upturned in gratitude. On each side supporting her is a sister of mercy.

6. HENRY VIII GIVES THE DEED OF COVENANT TO THE LORD MAYOR AT AN AUDIENCE AT BRIDEWELL IN THE PRESENCE OF PRINCE EDWARD, AFTERWARDS KING EDWARD VI (*arranged by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.*).—In the centre stands Henry VIII giving the deed of covenant to the Lord Mayor. Behind the Lord Mayor are burgesses and citizens. To the left are ladies of the Court and two gruesome figures carrying death masks—the beheaded queens.

7. KING CHARLES I AND HARVEY (*arranged by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.*).—Again from the crowded and brilliant scene we turn to simplicity. One might call this a study in black and white—a tableau of contrasts. In the centre of the stage is a simple table; on it a dead deer. Seated is the elegant figure of Charles I. Leaning towards him is Harvey, explaining his discovery of the circulation of the blood.

8. HOGARTH PAINTING THE POOL OF BETHESDA (*arranged by Mr. George Harcourt, A.R.A.*).—Another tableau brilliantly coloured. Hogarth stands in the right painting the Pool of Bethesda. To the left stand two charming ladies of the "Polly" period.

9. WAR WORK (*arranged by Mr. George Harcourt, A.R.A.*).—Beautifully produced and arranged. But ah! we are all too familiar with the scene here at St. Bartholomew's. It was pleasant to see some well-known Hospital faces on the stage.

In the afternoon of June 6th the Delegates were received at the Royal College of Surgeons of England by the President, Sir Anthony Bowlby, and were conducted over the Hunterian Museum.

OLD STUDENTS' DINNER.

THE Annual Old Students' Dinner usually takes place at the beginning of the winter session, but the date was advanced this year in order to coincide with the Octocentenary Celebrations. The Dinner was accordingly held on Wednesday, June 6th, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, lent for the purpose by the Master and Wardens of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The Chair was taken by Mr. H. J. Waring, Senior Surgeon to the Hospital and Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, who was supported by a company which numbered some 315, filling the large chamber and overflowing into the gallery.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the CHAIRMAN proposed "Prosperity to the Hospital." He said that the history of the Hospital might be divided into three epochs: the first beginning with its foundation by Rahere in 1123; the second in 1544 with Henry VIII's charter; and the third in 1901, when the momentous decision was taken to keep it on its ancient site in the City and to adapt it to modern requirements.

The toast was replied to by LORD STANMORE, Treasurer of the Hospital and President of the Medical College, who welcomed the great number of honoured guests now assembled to pay honour to St. Bartholomew's.

The toast of "The Medical College" was proposed in a witty speech by SIR WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Bt., Senior Almoner, who took pride in the excellent relations between the Governors, the Staff, and the Students. He coupled the toast with the name of the Dean, Dr. T. W. Shore, who on rising to reply was received with great enthusiasm.

Dr. SHORE began by remarking that Bart.'s was a blend of the very ancient and the extremely modern. Records of the attendances of students went back to 1662, but the real beginning of the School was about a century ago, when Abernethy was asked to take over the educational arrangements. Dr. Shore was proud to feel that throughout his own association with Bart.'s—a mere matter of 44 years—the keynote of the School had been progress.

"The Health of the Guests" had been wisely entrusted to Dr. HERBERT WILLIAMSON, who has the gift of paying compliments in sparkling phrases.

Prof. WELCH, in an eloquent speech, said that Bart.'s in its Octocentenary Year was proud of the glories of the past, but its face was towards the future. He declared that the backbone of American Medicine was British, and America was now beginning to pay something of her debt to British Medicine.



THE BALL GAME.

By kind permission of The Times.

JUNE 7th, 1923.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

NEVER has the Hospital seemed so greatly *en fête* as on the evening of the Conversazione, when every Department showed its most interesting side to lay and medical visitors. Guests began to arrive at 8.30, and were received by the Rt. Hon. Lord Stanmore, Treasurer of the Hospital, Miss McIntosh, C.B.E., R.R.C., Matron of the Hospital, Dr. T. W. Shore, O.B.E., M.D., Dean of the Medical College, and the Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith, M.A., Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great. More than three thousand guests were present. The Square was charmingly decorated with fairy lamps, and even the Fountain was illuminated. Music and laughter and light, and the rustling of silk, gave Bartholomew's an appearance few of us had ever before seen.

It is quite impossible to describe every exhibit of every Department. It was a physical impossibility to pilot a party through every part of the Hospital between 8.30 and 12, or rather, let us say, 11, for since Authority was kind (and wise), let us give the last hour to dancing in the Surgery to the greater glory of Rahere.

We will therefore ask you, reader, to join our party and go with us round the Hospital. Perhaps you will not wish to do so. Perhaps you have made your own plans. Maybe you feel that this evening two is company and even three a crowd. So be it. But if you will, come with us and let us see what we can show you. The Surgery, even at 8.30, seems full of people. Here and there a Steward in a brilliant gown will direct us if we ask him. But we won't; many people seem to be going into one of the small rooms off the Main Surgery and we enter. In it we find a most wonderful representation of "ancient nursing." In the far corner is a bed with a luckless patient in it. (*N.B.*—Who was the gentleman? Whoever it was he deserves our thanks for so unselfishly missing the fun of the evening for our great benefit.) But our eyes are not for him. Sitting in a large arm-chair is a figure of Dickensian proportions and type. The comfortable figure, the flushed face, the poke bonnet and fusty black gown, the cup of gin and water—— and Sairey Gamp is before us. Thank you, Miss Birch. We have known you and, may we say it? admired you for long, but we never knew you could act like this before.

However, our party must not linger here, although it wants to. Let us see the Library. Here, in a cooler atmosphere, are priceless documents and books: the Deed, dated 1137, whose seals, still attached, were affixed in the presence of Rahere, and by which he granted to Hagno the Church of St. Sepulchre; the cartulary of John Cok ("I thought I could illuminate books," said a visitor despondently, "but I can't do anything like that!") Possibly not, since this is a classical example of medieval illumination); a first edition of Harvey's *De Motu Cordis* and *De Generatione*; some beautiful plate, over which a boy mounts guard and looks at us suspiciously and searchingly; the bell given to be rung outside Newgate Prison, with the recitation of some doggerel verse, during the night before an execution ("The man who thought of that ought to have been hung himself" announces one of us); a truly magnificent collection of prints and pictures connected with St. Bartholomew's. Let us get away from here quickly, for we could easily spend hours in this room alone.

Tracking behind the West Block we come to the Dispensary, always an enormous attraction at such times as this. So we look at the leeches, and the poison cupboard that rings so cunningly when you open it; and we see pills being made and machines stirring horrible-looking messes that we hope we shall never have to touch ourselves. We see the huge cupboard of mag. sulph. with its pick-axe, and we must of course drink a glass of excellent lemonade. It is enthrallingly interesting, but we must drag our visitors away, who by this time are beginning to get a tiny bit tired. Besides, they are asking questions no one but a trained pharmacist could answer.

By kind permission of *The Times*.

"THE FOURE P."

Up now to the Kitchens, *terra incognita* to the pilot as well as guests. Many tables laden with wonderful things—all waiting to be sampled. Some of them are. Oh ye foolish ones who did not visit the Kitchens on the *Conversazione* night! We are told that nothing is on view that has not been at some time or other on the Hospital menu. We don't think the patients get all this, the students don't, the residents don't. It must be the nurses. Saddened, we pass on.

Down now into the Chemistry Laboratory, where Dr. W. H. Hurtle had hit upon the splendid plan of asking his students to demonstrate experiments. And forty of them or so are hard at it. Their enthusiasm is splendid and their success in interesting their guests most marked. Here a gentleman whom we recognise as the Vendor of Corn Cure in the Fair demonstrates dyes, their uses and abuses ("No, I'm not going away from here yet. I want to hear what the gentleman is saying. I'm going to have a dress that colour.") Further on spectra are being shown, and here is a student with a super-saturated solution which on the addition of a minute crystal solidifies out wonderfully. In another corner there is a remarkable exhibit of chemical compounds simulating vegetable life. We see in beakers chemical combinations having the very appearance of living plants; here is one that even simulates a tube of intestine. It is still growing. These are amazing—some of the most amazing things we have seen this wonderful evening. How far is life a chemical process? How far are we chains of interesting chemical combinations?—but these are deep thoughts for a *conversazione*. Let us see the huge Pharaoh's Serpents and go down to the Surgery for a sandwich.

In the Surgery was a very great crush. Beautifully gowned ladies and immaculate gentlemen rubbed shoulders with feudal barons, and men in doublet and hose, and the lesser fry of the Middle Ages. At least three kings were present. There was clash of colour, constant movement, vivid and extraordinary contrasts, and always the music of the Welsh Guards. We managed to get a little food. There was plenty, but it was difficult and dangerous to get. Happy thought—let us get out of the heat and squash on to the roof. Finally we reach the other side of the Surgery and enter the lift. An M.D., M.R.C.P. is acting as lift-man, and when we reach the top we almost feel like going down again just for the pleasure of seeing an M.D., M.R.C.P. in a long red gown twiddling the levers. Is it not strange, by the way, that an M.D. gown is so infinitely more dashing than the attire of a mighty M.S.? Hard, very hard indeed, we whisper to one making the point. Once on the roof there is peace and quiet—surprising quiet remembering that we are in the centre of the capital city of the Empire. Near us is St. Paul's, and opposite the steadfast figure of Justice. Below and around the twinkling lights of London; above, the star-filled sky. This is restful and quiet: we will stay here in the cool night air a little longer before going down.

We reach the Surgery *viâ* the X-Ray Department, where Dr. Finzi and his colleagues are doing yeoman service. Here we see our hands and our vanity bags and our shoes X-rayed. "Will a gentleman kindly lie down? Thank you. You see, ladies, his heart is still beating in spite of your efforts. Now put out your tongue. Now in. Thank you. You see what a long, long way it goes back."

Afterwards there was a peep into the Theatre and then a visit to the Pathology Block. Bacteria of all kinds; a billion bacteria in a bottle of broth, a demonstration of medium making; fleas of all sorts under the microscope, and then back to the Surgery again. Here, with the approval of the authorities, a dance was in progress. It was, of course, a little crowded, but the spirit was the thing, and how it was enjoyed! The band of H.M. Welsh Guards and our own Jazz Band are to be thanked again and again. At midnight to the minute the dancing stopped, Mr. Reginald M. Vick made a charming little speech and the *Conversazione* ended.

We had not, of course, nearly completed a round of the Departments, but we went home tired and happy and contented.

Those organising the staff-work of the function are to be very heartily congratulated. It was a brilliant success. Every Department did its best; every man his share. The result was a social success worthy of the Hospital and of the City. We can say no better.

JUNE 8th, 1923.

RAHERE LODGE, NO. 2546.



HE Annual Installation Meeting of the Rahere Lodge was made a special occasion this year for the Celebration of the 800th Anniversary of the Foundation of the Hospital, and was held on June 8th at Freemasons' Hall, Kingsway.

The Meeting was attended by the Grand Master, The Duke of Connaught, the Pro. Grand Master, Lord Amptill, and upwards of one hundred officers of Grand Lodge.

W. Bro. W. Girling Ball was installed as Worshipful Master for the ensuing year by the Pro. Grand Master, assisted by W. Bro. Pritchard, the outgoing Master. The following officers were appointed :

Bro. Arnold Stott	S. W.	W. Bro. E. Laming Evans	Almoner.
Bro. Reginald Vick	J. W.	W. Bro. L. W. Bathurst	Organist.
Bro. R. B. Dand	Chaplain.	Bro. T. H. Just	Asst. Secretary.
W. Bro. Ernest Clarke	Treasurer.	Bro. H. W. Henshaw	I. G.
Bro. Geoffrey Evans	Secretary.	W. Bro. Edward P. Furber	Senr. Steward.
W. Bro. C. H. Perram	D. C.	Bro. I. de Burgh Daly	Steward.
Bro. H. D. Gillies	S. D.	Bro. E. D. Whitehead Reid	Steward.
Bro. Langford Moore	J. D.	W. Bro. Coughtrey	Tyler.
W. Bro. Edmund G. Boyle	Asst. D. C.	Bro. E. W. Hallet	Asst. Tyler.

An Address of Welcome to the Grand Master was delivered by W. Bro. Ernest Clarke on behalf of the members of the Lodge, and in it he recalled the fact that the Lodge was founded 28 years ago and constituted by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales and President of the Hospital.

W. Bro. Richard Reece, a founder and the Senior Past Master of the Lodge, proposed the election of the Duke of Connaught as an honorary member of the Lodge, which was seconded by W. Pro. Sir D'Arcy Power. The Lodge Jewel was presented to the Duke by W. Bro. Girling Ball, the Master of the Lodge.

The Duke of Connaught thanked the members of the Lodge for the great honour they had conferred upon him. He was glad to be present at a special meeting of a Lodge constituted by his brother, whose successor in the office of Grand Master he was. He hoped the Lodge would continue to flourish as it had flourished in the past, and keep before it the great tenets of the craft to which they were all proud to belong.

W. Bro. H. Morley Fletcher proposed, and W. Bro. Harold Pritchard seconded, the election of the Prince of Wales, Past Grand Warden, and President of the Hospital, as an honorary member of the Lodge, a resolution which was carried with acclamation.

The meeting was followed by a banquet at the Connaught Rooms, attended by Delegates, Grand Officers, Officers of sister Lodges, members and their guests ; over 300 were present at the banquet.

NURSES AT HOME.



N Saturday afternoon an "At Home" was given by the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses.

The guests—Delegates, Matrons of the principal London Hospitals, and various old friends of the Hospital, together with the past and present Nursing Staff—were received in the Great Hall by Miss Todd, President of the League, and Miss McIntosh, C.B.E., R.R.C., Matron of the Hospital.

During the afternoon Miss Todd presented Lord Stanmore with a cheque for £1000, collected by the League members for the purpose of endowing a bed in order to commemorate the 800th Anniversary of the Foundation of the Hospital.

Miss Todd, in asking Lord Stanmore to accept the cheque, mentioned that this was not the first time that the League had helped the Hospital ; already over £2000 had been collected towards the cost of the new Nurses' Home.

Most of the large assembly present took the opportunity of viewing the two floors opened for inspection in the first block of the new Home. A few rooms had the fixed fittings completed, but no other furniture was shown.

CRICKET : PAST v. PRESENT.

THIS annual fixture was fought out in spite of the weather before many keen supporters of the Hospital cricket. The Hospital batted first and scored 145 (E. H. Watkins 36, G. C. Woods-Brown 28, K. W. Mackie 23, A. E. Parkes 20). The Past, owing to a fine effort by Dr. C. M. Hinds Howell, who scored 57, and J. F. Gaskell (26), only failed to reach the Present's score by 8 runs. For the Past R. H. Maingot took 5 wickets for 38 and A. T. W. Cunningham 3 for 27. For the Present A. B. Cooper took 5 for 41 and M. L. Maley 3 for 40.

THE BISHOP'S SERMON.

"Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."—St. Luke, x, 35.

This is as a son of James Paget, a surgeon, that I stand amongst you, and dare to speak to you to-day. You honoured him nearly 30 years ago, you gladdened his old age by assigning his name to one of your Wards. Old and young gave him a memorable welcome at the Abernethian Society in the same year. You have extended your kindness to his children; and it would delight him—perhaps in some way we may not trace it does delight him—to know that your kindness has placed me here.

I know what this Hospital was to him. The scene of his early struggles, the awardee of his first prizes, the home of his dearest friendships, the proud and loving witness of his increasing fame and usefulness. He was a loyal-hearted man, and his loyalty to the Hospital never wavered. Its claim was paramount, its service his delight, its eminence and pre-eminence the crown of his rejoicing. How he would have loved it, to be with us all to-day!

And yet he is but one of a multitude whom no man can number who are stirred to the heart by this commemoration. It has, of course, captured the imagination; it has drawn hitherward the thought of the general public, in a way quite unparalleled. We, of the inner circle, know and understand; but we, and even the largest crowds that the occasion will cause to assemble, are but representatives and delegates of millions, who at home and abroad and in the Colonies will be thinking of the Hospital to-day on the 800th Anniversary of its Foundation.

Our time is short this morning. Let us say in a very few sentences why this is so.

Eight hundred years! The author of a most beautiful history of the Hospital has tried manfully to make us feel how long ago it was. French still the language of the ruling classes; the Tower of London a new building; no Parliament; no Judges; the Royal Treasure kept as a hoard at Westminster or Winchester, to be stolen by a thief or carried off by an aspirant to the Throne; Thomas à Becket a boy of five years old living with his father and his mother in a house in the Poultry; the loss of the White Ship a tragedy fresh in men's minds, inclining, it may be, the heart of the King to be kind to the Hospital. To even a moderately equipped historian every sentence speaks. But some of us are, it may be, too unlearned for this to be so; and must be content, as best we can, catching what faint clues are in our reach, to get further and further back, till quite inadequately we get some notion of what 800 years of unbroken continuance means.

Unbroken continuance! That is surely the chief wonder in our minds to-day. Of how very few Foundations can it be said with complete assurance that they have lasted 800 years?

Of course we are all thinking of Rahere, and praising God for what he was moved and called to do. We evoke his memory; we claim his presence; we ask that he may be with us to-day. "Why," he might ask, as Samuel did, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" Simply because, as it were, we want him to see; because we are not ashamed or afraid to meet him; because we have much to show; but nothing, we believe, to apologise for, or with more or less difficulty to explain!

Not many ancient foundations can say that; nor is it always easy for them to face their founders with the full confidence of a clear conscience. Like those who have dealt pretty drastically with an ancient building or estate, you would desire a few words with the pious founder before you showed him what you have to show. His original object has, it is true, been set aside, his purpose diverted. A later age found it obsolete, or a later piety deemed it superstitious; and it has been set aside, altered into something to his mind new and strange! You hope, you are bold enough to believe, that he will not disapprove, that he may even come to like what you have substituted for that on which, in his ignorance, he set his heart. You explain the legal principle of "*cy-près*"; you

try to show that your fulfilment meets his intention as nearly as possible; but it is not always easy to make things clear to him, and in certain cases it is very difficult indeed.

But with regard to Rahere, and the eight hundred years, and our great Festival to-day, there will be no misgiving, no doubt. We stand quite unashamed in the presence of our Founder. Hospital it was, and Hospital it is. The continuance is unquestionable, the "apostolic succession" from St. Bartholomew, unbroken and secure. He meant it for the sick poor, and, thank God, the sick poor have it still! Take him with you round the Wards. Whatever rumour may have reached him concerning it, certainly he will say, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half was not told him. There will not be, in one sense, much spirit in him when you have shown him all you have to show. But every detail, down to the very latest blessed invention for care and comfort and relief of pain, is but the more complete fulfilment of his heart's desire, in absolute alignment with his purpose, the very thing, which all unknowing he meant.

Aye, and your tenderness, your courtesy, the light heart of your seriousness, the gentleness of your firmness, are they not one in spirit with his charge to those who had care of patients eight hundred years ago? "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." "The world passes away and its desire, but he that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever." There is an eternity in it, not unlike the ever self-adapting, ever constant Love of God.

And what a place a Hospital is! It seems the one place in the world where the very best is at their service who need it most; where scientific skill waits on simple helplessness. Where, as was well said of the medical profession, one hand seems ever reaching out to the latest wonder of discovery, while with the other its benefits are scattered broadcast and gratuitously to the poor. Match that, if you can, in any other sphere of action!

But consider another feature of hospital life. Here are hundreds of men and women working in closest co-operation for a single purpose; yet all, as it were, in sight of one another, and all in sight of the wonderful, the Divine purpose to which their work contributes and which they serve. How rare anything approaching to that is! Labour, of whatever sort it may be, is divided almost *ad infinitum*; and in many cases one's own personal share of the work may only be the production, the dull mechanical production of a bit of something, you hardly know or care what it is, which is completed on another floor or sent to another factory, and men go on day by day making the same dull bit that will some day form a part of something else. Of all forms of employment, the very most disheartening is that of those who are set to turn out the component parts of complex uselessness!

It is not so here; for here, as it were, under one roof and under the eyes of all, the whole fascinating and splendid process is carried out. People come in bruised and broken, sick and suffering, helpless and sometimes hopeless too; and they are sent out happy and thankful and restored to health, and ready to bless you and the place for your kindness and your skill. And all of you have had a hand in it; each in closest and intimate co-operation has borne his part, and known where it comes in, and the need and place of it in the great result. For the life you have saved owes its safety, not to people working apart from one another, but to people working side by side; and the exquisite dexterity of the great surgeon or the marvellous insight of your wisest physician would fail of its purpose but for the vigilance of the assistant, the trained skill of the sisters and nurses, the service of those by whom the hospital is kept in its perfect order, its heavenly cleanness. And so it is that the hospital has a life unknown elsewhere; the life of those who work together in mutual respect and affection, no one ever drawn to despise another, ready to bestow on what might seem less honourable more abundant honour, for an end quite infinitely worth pursuing! Small wonder that the hospital wins men's hearts! for can either law court or factory, commerce or industry, offer anything like this? Behold how good and joyful a thing it is to dwell together in unity!

Your two great Hogarths are the special treasure of St. Bartholomew's. Your visitors will be told the romantic story of their origin and how they come to be here. They are the mark of a great painter's affection for the place, and we are told that he took special pains to paint accurately and, as for critical eyes, the maladies he depicts. I think I remember my father telling me that he has painted in due symmetry a disease to which the curious feature of symmetry belongs. Many, as the week runs on, will stand before the picture of The Good Samaritan. Recall, if you will, the last words of our Saviour's parable: "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." Take care of him: it is precisely what Rahere did for the poor of his day; it is what the Hospital is doing for them now! Whatsoever thou spendest more: it is a blank cheque drawn in favour of such sufferers. It covers the expense of all that wealth of appliance, that perfection of treatment which the Hospital offers to those to whom, day and night, its glorious gate stands open. It may well include the enlargements, the immense improvements which those who love the Hospital are so keen to make. After eight hundred years of work like this, it would hardly be surprising if a single large gift provided them! Whatsoever thou

spendest more : it recognises, it bids you continue the patient research, the ceaseless care, the blessed tenderness of your wonderful history.

And when I come again, I will repay thee. In one sense we still wait for Him, as for one who after eight hundred years has not yet come. Yet He is always coming and always repaying you in a currency which suffers no depreciation : in the joy of healing the sick, in the discoveries that crown research, in—and surely this stands very high—the love and confidence of the poor, in the happiness, yes, the strong and unfailing happiness, of your high work and calling, in the friendship and the fellowship of your brethren.

But we are bidden to think of something still to come ; when you will see the face of Him, whom consciously, or perhaps unconsciously, you have been serving here. For the work of the Hospital and your care for the poor will shine with Heaven's own light when it shall be said that " inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of subscriptions received for the St. Bartholomew's Hospital War Memorial Fund and for the Hospital Directory and Year Book will be made next month.

KEYS TO TABLEAUX AND FAIR GROUPS.



1. W. D. Watson (*Merry Mouth*). 2. W. V. Cruden (*Nobleman temp. Henry VIII*). 3. Barron (*Citizen*). 4. K. Knowles (*Citizen*). 5. K. Knowles (*Citizen*). 6. M. Gamboa (*Citizen*). 7. M. R. Ernst (*Mendicant*). 8. E. Gordon Laurence (*Citizen*). 9. F. R. B. N. Kennedy (*Citizen*). 10. Miss Rawnsley (*Lady of Court of Henry I*). 11. L. E. Phelps (*Prince who went down in White Ship*). 12. C. N. Evans (*Courtier of Henry VIII*). 13. N. A. Jory (*King Henry VIII*). 14. A. Q. Wells (*King Charles I*). 15. C. P. O'Brien (*St. Bartholomew*). 16. Philip Couin (*Nobleman, Henry VIII*). 17. J. Spencer (*Surgeon, Modern*). 18. E. V. Frederick (*Knight*). 19. J. E. Church (*Knight*). 20. H. Royle (*Knight of Middle Ages*). 21. M. J. Malley (*Knight of Middle Ages*). 22. H. W. Guinness (*Courtier of Henry VIII's time*). 23. A. B. Cooper (*Friend of Hogarth*). 24. C. S. Wise (*Pupil of Hogarth*). 25. I. M. Robertson (*Lord Mayor, in Henry VIII tableau*). 26. T. Dodd. 27. J. W. Poole (*Mendicant*). 28. Miss Game (*Nun*). 29. Miss Ragg (*Nun*). 30. C. D. D. de Labilliere (*"Man of the Woods" on Stilts*). 31. W. A. Hervey. 32. Miss Cayley-Robinson (*Lady of Court of Henry I*). 33. F. M. M. Eyton-Jones (*Mendicant*). 34. B. C. Gilsenan (*Courtier to Henry VIII*). 35. E. Fairhurst. 36. P. Pugh. 37. Chandler. 38. R. Kempe (*Wounded Soldier*). 39. V. F. Winslow. 40. K. G. Sugden. 41. B. Kettle. 42. H. D. K. Wright (*Surgeon, Modern*). 43. L. G. M. Page. 44. Price. 45. W. R. Candler. 46. R. Green Wizard. 47. J. M. Taylor (*Palmer in "The Four P's"*). 48. F. H. U. Green (*Pothecary in "The Four P's"*). 49. D. A. Brigg (*Pardoner in "The Four P's"*). 50. Miss Maitland Howard (*Mendicant*). 51. Miss Gilbert (*Mendicant*). 52. Miss Medcalf (*Mendicant*). 53. Miss Bowdin (*Mendicant*). 54. Miss J. Dewe (*Katharine of Aragon*). 55. Miss Stacey (*Anne of Cleves*). 56. Miss Hodge (*Edward VI*). 57. Miss Minard (*Jane Seymour*). 58. Miss Allan (*Anne Boleyn*). 59. Miss Birch (*Katharine Howard*). 60. Howard Mercer (*Katharine Parr*). 61. J. H. Attwood (*Hogarth*). 62. Miss Barclay-Smith (*Lady of time of Henry I*). 63. Miss Larkin (*Lady-in-waiting at Joust*). 64. Miss K. M. Hornung (*Queen of Tournament*). 65. Miss Sullivan (*Lady of Court of Henry VI*). 66. Miss Brook (*Sick Girl at Shrine*). 67. Miss R. Breuse (*Lady with wreath at Shrine*). 68. Misses E. and A. Harcourt (*Friends of Hogarth*). 69. Miss Davis (*Mendicant*). 70. Miss Ward (*Mendicant*). 71. Miss Simpson (*Lady of Court of Henry I*). 72. M. Broadbent. 73. Gardner. 74. J. G. McMenamin (*Citizen*). 75. J. V. Bannehr. 76. B. L. Hodge (*Noble of Henry VIII*). 77. K. G. Salmon. 78. Featherstone (*Harvey*). 79. J. W. Poole (*Mendicant*). 80. E. P. Gough. 81. W. T. Mills (*Noble of Henry VIII*). 82. F. G. v. W. Brodahl (*Pope*). 83. J. A. Cholmeley (*Citizen*). 84. S. W. Barber. 85. A. T. Gray. 86. K. S. Maurice Smith (*Citizen*). 87. E. Topham (*Huckster*). 88. M. J. Harker. 89. G. A. Stocker Harris. 90. W. Pickup Greenwood (*Quack Doctor*). 91. J. L. Reeve (*Citizen*). 92. D. J. Stephens (*Beefsteak*). 93. D. Stanley Jones. 94. J. A. Robson (*Citizen*). 95. V. P. Robinson (*Citizen*). 96. P. M. Oxley. 97. T. C. Lewis (*Citizen*). 98. V. Barkin (*Wrestler*). 99. M. Bryer (*Huckster*). 100. H. L. Beach (*Alchemist*). 101. Imiantoff (*Alchemist*). 102. and 103. *Pall Mall Newsboys*. 104. F. R. B. N. Kennedy (*Citizen*). 105. C. N. Burnham (*Slipper*). 106. F. R. Nash (*Citizen*). 107. H. D. F. Fraser (*Citizen*). 108. C. S. Drayner (*Strolling Player*). 109. G. H. Buncombe (*Nobleman, Henry VIII period*). 110. K. Knowles (*Citizen*). 111. C. R. M. Greenfield (*Bargeman*). 112. J. R. Beagley (*Baron of Henry I's time*). 113. A. Walk (*"Bubbles" Booth*). 114. W. F. Waudry-Smith (*Peasant*). 115. T. W. E. Rorden. 116. D. G. Shields. 117. A. W. L. Row. 118. J. W. D. Buttery. 119. E. J. Johnston Smith (*Citizen*). 120. M. G. Fitzgerald. 121. Harry Smith (*Baron, or Stall-keeper*). 122. H. C. J. Ball (*Friar*). 123. W. P. N. Davidson. 124. W. V. Cruden (*Nobleman, Henry VIII*). 125. M. R. Ernst (*Citizen*). 126. N. E. Cook (*Citizen*). 127. E. S. Evans (*Nobleman, Henry VIII*). 128. R. W. H. Tincker (*Bargeman*). 129. C. A. Day (*Nobleman to Henry VIII*). 130. H. P. Lehmann (*Citizen*). 131. W. A. Mailer (*Jeater*). 132. W. R. Thrower (*Citizen*). 133. H. F. Hiscocks (*Bargeman of Henry VIII*). 134. E. S. Curtiss (*Citizen*). 135. W. D. Watson (*Merry Mouth*). 136. M. Fishman (*Alchemist*). 137. S. Jenkinson (*Citizen, Henry VIII*). 138. H. A. Clegg (*Citizen, Henry VIII*). 139. A. Barnsley (*Peddler in "The Four P's"*). 140. H. M. List. 141. *Pall Mall Newsboy*. 142. I. M. Robertson (*Alderman*). 143. D. H. Edwards (*Merry Mouth*). 144. F. E. Pym. 145. J. C. H. Baird (*Citizen, Henry VIII*). 146. C. F. Ashby (*Astrologer*). 147. J. S. Aldridge (*Astrologer*). 148. G. P. Driver (*Bandit*). 149. N. Moulson (*Public Executioner*). 150. B. A. J. Mayo. 151. W. Holdsworth (*Master of the Fair*). 152. E. S. Vergette (*Elizabethan Courtier*). 153. H. Royle (*Knight of Middle Ages*). 154. H. Romer. 155. R. N. Curnow (*Citizen*). 156. E. Lloyd-Davies (*King's Bargeman*). 157. S. Moscow (*Trumpeter*). 158. G. E. Burgess. 159. R. D. Reid (*G.O.K.*). 160. B. W. Brown (*Citizen*).